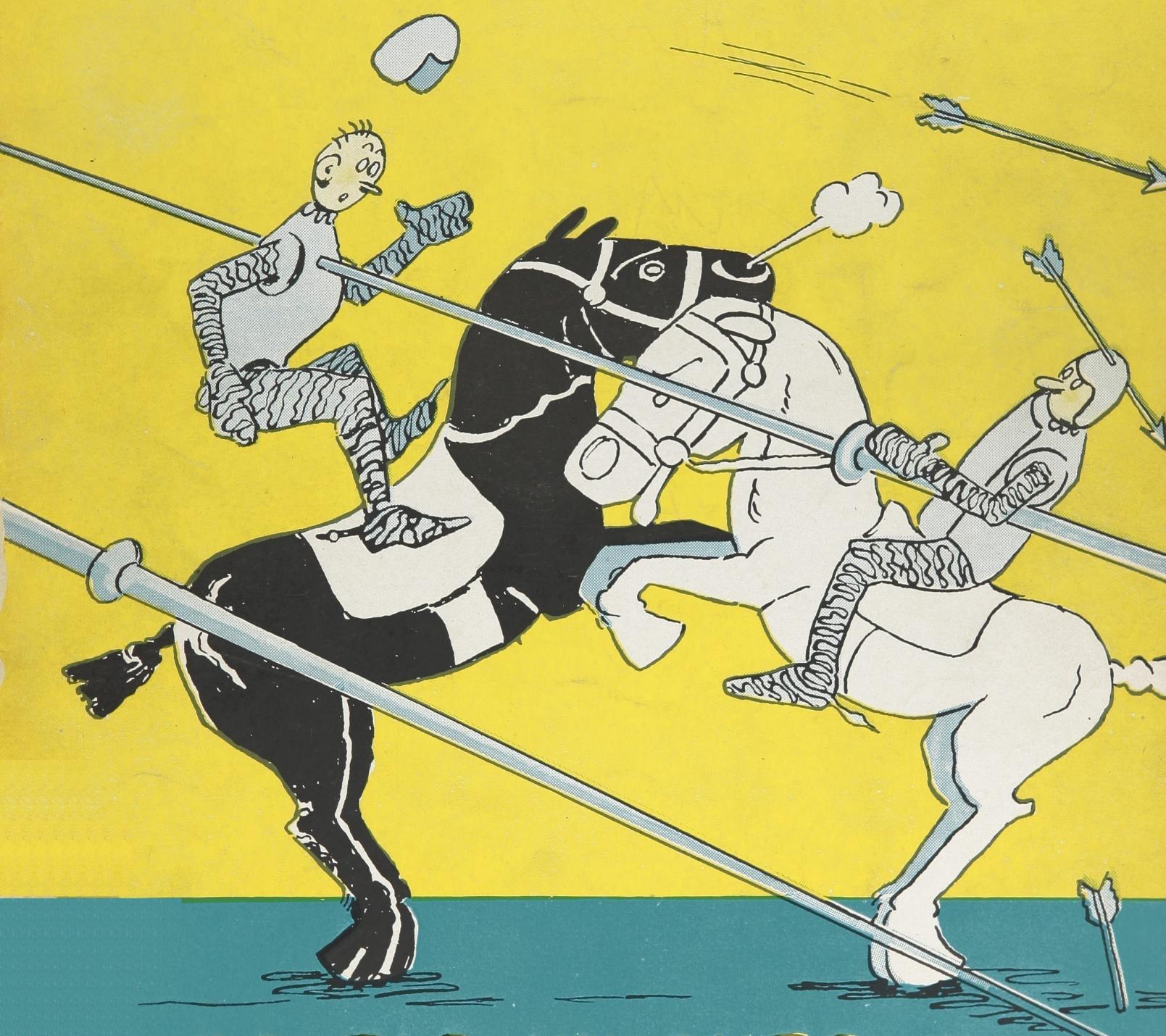


Ye GHOST.

HISTORICAL NUMBER . . . 25¢



YE GENTLE KNIGHTS.

ROWLAND LY

Co-Op Store

20th and H

TRY LUNCHING WITH US

Toasted Sandwiches --: Sodas --: School Supplies --: Felt Goods --: Books Exchanged Sheaffer Fountain Pens and Skrip Ink (Right Across from the Gym)

"She looks good to me."

"Is she as bad as that?"—Colgate Banter.

Muriel: "The man I marry must be a hero."

Dora: "Oh, come dear. You are not as bad looking as all that."—Punch Bowl.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the old lady on the bus, "Isn't the traffic thick!"

"It's not the traffic," grunted the conductor, "it's the cops."—Brown Jug.

She: "How do you like my make-up?"

He: "Wonderful! It only shows what can be done."—Colgate Banter.

"Why, you poor puppy, with your meagre income you wouldn't even be able to dress my daughter," exclaimed the irritated father.

"Well, after a few lessons I could learn," replied the bold youth.—N. Y. U. Medley.

"Why do you think you would make a movie star?"

"Well, my sweetie smokes a pipe and I like it."—Wisconsin Octopus.



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• GHOST •



8

• GHOST •



Hubby: "I thought you were going shopping today."

Wifie: "I did. I bought two new dresses."

Hubby: "Where are they."

Wifie: "Right here in my purse."

Pedestrian (accidentally bumping into Ma Ferguson): "Pardon me, Governor."

Ma Ferguson: "Certainly; what's your name?"

Sales Person: "Now, here's just the thing for you; something you'll never wear out."

Lady Buyer: "What is it?"

Sales Person: "A negligee."

"My father has a new job with more than a thousand men under him."

"That so? Where?"

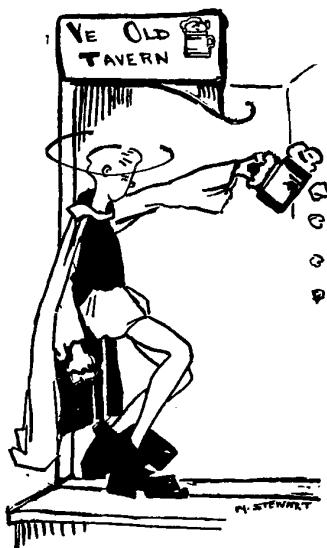
"Painting the top of the Woolworth Building."

"I decided not to go to college this year."
"Yea, I couldn't get in either."

"I'm having a shower this afternoon. Will you come?"

"Yes, thanks, I do feel rather dirty."

John Smith: "Are you dancing the next one?"
Pocahontas: "Why, no."
John Smith: "Gee, that's too bad."



THE ORIGINAL FILLING STATION

"You ain't done right by my knell," said the Liberty Bell, as it cracked open.

The true optimist has been defined as the man who buys hair restorer from a bald-headed barber.

Rastus: "Say, Sambo, wuz George Washington as honest as dey sez he wuz?"

Sambo: "Boy, I repeats dat George Washington wuz the honestest man wot eber libed."

Rastus: "Den how is it dat dey close de banks on his birthday?"



A (K)NIGHT'S REST



GOOST



Tight: "Haw, Haw! Thash a good joke on you."

Tighter: "Wha' sha good joke?"

Tight: "Thash not your hat yer sittin' on.
'Smine."

Joe College (watching new basketball forward): "He'll soon be our best man."

Joe College: "Oh—so sudden?"

All of the Charleston and Black Bottom champions would have to take a back seat if St. Vitus came back to earth.

"And what makes you think you would never make a good swimmer?"

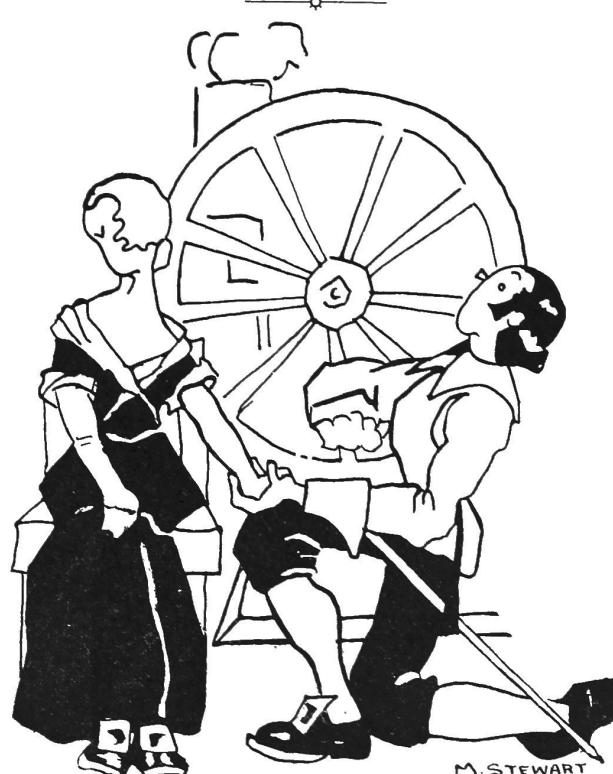
"Well, I could never stand axle grease on my hands, much less all over."

Mother, can I go out tonight?
Yes, my darling daughter.
Be sure to be in by one o'clock,
And don't drink anything but water.

Dumb: "I know a place where you can make good money."

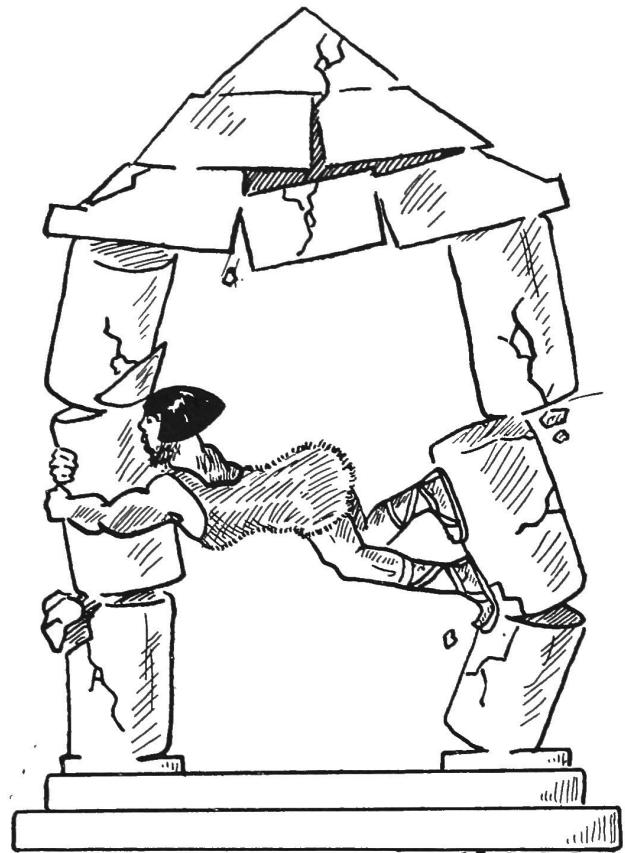
Dumber: "Tell me quick."

Dumb: "Down at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing."



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

M. STEWART



ALLEY-OOP!

Samson. In the First Strong Man Act, Bringing Down the House

Caustic: "George is getting a moustache on the installment plan."

Rustic: "How's that?"

Caustic: "A little down each week."—Colgate Banter.

"John," asked the nagging wife as the bedtime hour approached, "is everything shut up for the night?"

"That depends on you," growled Mr. Henpeck, "everything else is."—Colgate Banter.

A rising young artist was showing a lady through his studio. "This picture," he said, stopping in front of one of his early efforts, "is one I painted to keep the wolf from my door."

"Indeed!" replied the woman. "Then why don't you hang it on the doorknob, where the wolf can see it?"—Goblin.

Prof.: "Oh, goody, fifteen minutes after the hour and the class has not arrived. Now I can leave!"—California Pelican.



GOOST



The Ghost

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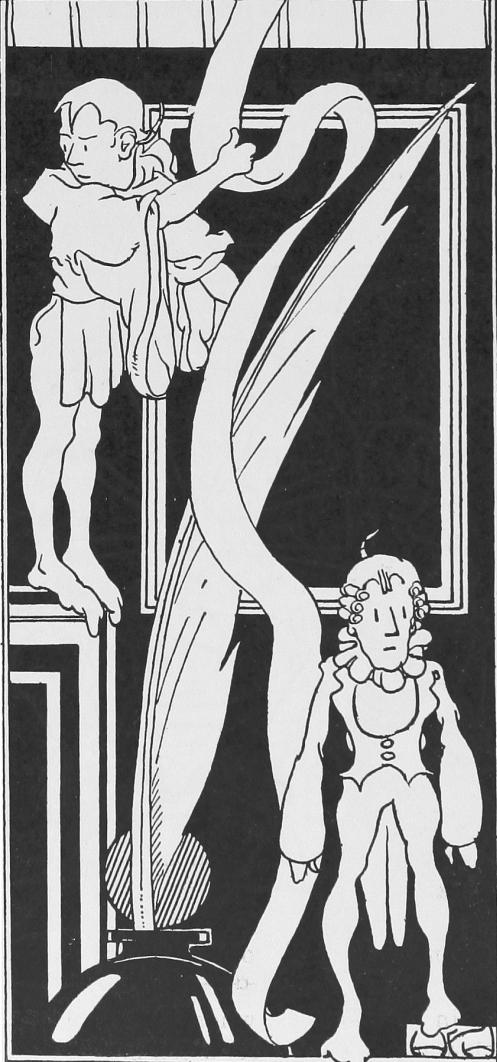
Faculty Advisor: Henry Grattan Doyle.

Vol. III—No. 2 January, 1927 Twenty-Five Cents



OW that Ye Ghost has made its second appearance on the Campus, we feel that it is historical; we want to take this opportunity to pause and look back on history. We don't see much. What we do see, makes us feel grateful.

Suppose Solomon were a Senior wrangler at George Washington, or Brigham Young; or Helen of Troy a fair Limbda





GOOST



Limbda Limbda. What if Queen Victoria were Dean of Women and Louis the IX Advisor to Men's Organizations?—and then again, what if they weren't. Sometimes we think a lot about those things and never seem to get anywhere.

Once we saw a movie of the French Révolution called "Orphans of the Storm." It made us think. Now we have slickers, and most orphans have adopted fathers. That's a lot better and everyone is lots happier. Anyway we are. We don't know about anybody else.

In the good old days they didn't advertise; they didn't think it paid. The business manager says they don't advertise now, either, but we don't feel that he speaks from an historical standpoint. We have to look at things clearly if we ever want to get anywhere. Sometimes we don't think we ever will.

History teaches us one thing, that tradition is everything. To be recognized, one must be steeped in it — tradition, we mean. Sometimes it's hard to get steeped in it. Our policy for this issue is to help all those who wish it, to become positively saturated. We can't ever seem to keep any of ours (tradition). But ancestry helps a lot—and if you come from Virginia or Mexico, or pronounce our main street "Pennsylvaniar

Avenyou," perhaps some day you can really get a thrill out of "Massa's in the Cold Cold Ground." But it is very difficult. It is a long uphill climb. Our advice to the struggling is this: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and never ask him in."

Pocahontas saved a good neck for somebody.

Back in the old days, when an Indian was broke all he had to do was to get a job standing in front of a cigar store.



ND now let's dispense with history and tackle some modern-day problems. First there is the traffic problem. There are far too many automobiles on the streets. Why not return to the horse? All those who now have autos could hitch a horse to their cars and thus save the expense of buying a buggy. You don't know what you're missing if you've never ridden behind a horse. Remember—next to a dog, a horse is man's best friend. Another good reason for the return of Dobbin is that we never could scrape up enough money to buy a car, but we are pretty sure that we could buy a second-hand horse. Then we could take you for a ride. Wouldn't that be nice?

Another thing is the divorce question. There seems to be many more divorces among the married people than among any other class. Did you ever think of that? Another thing, if we are going to have divorce, let's make it so the poor can enjoy it as well as the rich. We don't like to talk about ourselves, but it seems as though the rich people have all the advantages. The law seems to favor them, as in the following example: A big banker parked his car on the wrong side of the street the other day and only had to pay a fine of

\$25.00, while a poor man was sentenced to life imprisonment just for killing a man. It isn't fair!

And lastly, there is the question of seats for men on street cars and busses. Women now have the audacity to go a step further, and demand seats in all public conveyances. We were riding down 16th Street the other morning in our double-decked bus, and the inside was a pitiful spectacle. Most all the women had seats, and every single one of the men had to stand up. Something's got to be done, that's all.

Write to your Congressman!



PREXY LEWIS BREAKS GROUND FOR THIRD UNIT



— ROWLAND LYON —

G. W. CAMPUS IN 1492

Paul Revere's Wild Ride

Listen, my children and you shall hear, of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. (Mr. Longfellow wrote this. I shall write that which follows.)

Paul Revere was just an ordinary individual, just like you and me. However, on one memorable day he was reading the GHOST and saw an ad which said, "Well, Grace, I got that fifty dollar raise." It was about a correspondence school, and they had courses in almost everything. Paul checked the course marked "Horseback Riding," clipped the coupon, and sent it in. Before taking the course he could not even stay on his little sister's hobby horse, but after receiving his diploma ("Master Equestrian") he terrorized the whole countryside by his reckless horsemanship. The villagers all called him the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow."

Then came the dark, grim, foreboding shadow of war. War, with all its suffering, with all its horror, with all its pestilence, with all its sacrifice. Blah, blah, blah. The British were invading our country. Paul got wind of it somehow. Before the war he

had been busy delivering telegrams on his horse, but here was his real chance. He would warn the countryside! No one knew whether the British would come by land or sea, so it was up to Paul to tell them. His friend was to give him the signal that night. "One if by land, two if by sea."

And so, at midnight, we find Paul peering through the black night at the steeple of Old North Church, where his friend was. Ah! the signal. His friend was holding up only one finger, which meant that the enemy was coming by land. Paul gave a big jump and landed on the back of his horse, tied a half a block away. Ah, folks, that wonderful ride! That magnificent spectacle! That dramatic adventure! Blah, blah, blah.

On he rode, with his good horse Bucephalus clearing picket fences and sailing over barns and silos just as if they weren't there. When they hit the turnpike the horse's hoofs beat a rhythmic clatter. ("Out on the turnpike there arose such a clatta, the farmers all got up to see what was the matta.")

Riding up on one farmer's porch, Paul bellowed, "The Brit-

ish! The British are coming!" And from inside the house a sleepy voice inquired, "What are they going to lecture about?"

Disgusted but not discouraged, Paul rode to the next house. "The British! The British!" he cried. And from inside the house came the interrogation, "Oh, you mean the Cambridge Debating Team?"

Well, there's not much use in going on with the story. I suppose you all know what happened. Paul managed to get a few of them out, but they did it out of pure curiosity, never having heard an Englishman lecture before. They fired a shot which is said to have been heard around the world. You can believe this if you want to, but I can't hardly swallow it. Longfellow says that the farmers also "gave them ball for ball." This was simply an old custom prevalent in those good old days. If you saw a man carrying a baseball or football, and you happened to have an extra basketball, you walked up to him and traded balls. It was a very quaint old custom, and it's a shame it isn't used any more. Blah, blah, blah.

Will the gentleman with the shotgun kindly put me out of my misery?

BANG!

Thank you, kind sir.

— J. D. W.



Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes



GOOST



FAMOUS QUEENS

— Liliuokalani.

The Fairy —.

— High.

— of the May.

She's a —.

— of Hearts.

— Catherine II.

King Louis XIV's Wife.

Madame de Pompadour.

By —ie.

Doctor: "Have you any organic trouble?"

Patient: "No, Doc, I can't even carry a tune."

We recently ran across the most polite man living. He took off his hat in a telephone booth before calling central.

"How can you go to sleep sitting up in a chair?"

"I didn't spend four years in college for nothing."

Motorist: "The old bus is going pretty good. I hit sixty yesterday."

Passenger: "Kill any of them?"

"She swears that she's never been kissed."

"Don't blame her, I'd swear too!"

Elevator Boy: "Up?"

Passenger: "What have you had to drink?"



She: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

He: "I wouldn't ask you to then."

Chemistry Professor: "Do you know any good reason why I shouldn't flunk you in chemistry?"

Stude: "Yes, sir; just take a snort of this gin I made last night."

"Do you know Susie McSmithers?"

"Well, I've petted her several times, but I can't say that I really know her."

FAMOUS SAYINGS

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."—Columbus.

"Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.

"The first hundred years are the hardest."—Methuselah.

"Treat 'em rough." — Henry VIII.

"Keep your shirt on."—Queen Elizabeth.

"Don't lose your head."—Queen Mary.

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall."—David.

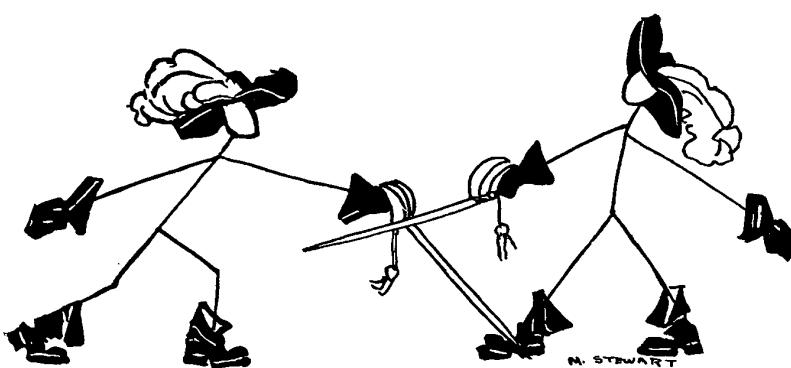
"It floats."—Noah.

"You can't keep a good man down."—Jonah.

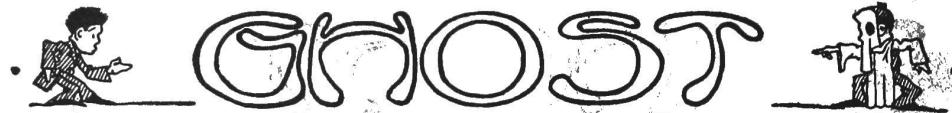
"I'm strong for you, kid."—Samson.

—Goblin.

He called her his main support because she always stood him up.



LEADING A DUAL LIFE



GOOST



“—AND EVE WAS BUSY HANGING OUT FIG LEAVES ON THE CLOTHES LINE”

For this little historical incident we are going way back into the Garden of Eden. It seems as though there were two people, a man called Adam and a woman known as Eve. Although Eden was the winter quarters for Barnum & Bailey's and Ringling Bros. Combined 4-Ring Circus, it was a very exclusive suburb as far as Adam and Eve were concerned. No other human beings lived for miles around.

One day Adam went downtown to get a haircut, leaving Eve at home. It was wash day, and Eve was busy hanging out fig leaves on the clothes line, when she happened to turn around and see Old Mr. Snake, the fruit vendor.

“Good morning, Mrs. Eve,” said the serpent. “Where's Adam?”

“Oh, he's gone downtown,” quoth Eve.

“Well, that's too bad,” said the snake (inwardly chuckling with glee). “How about some apples this morning. I have some mighty fine Jonathans; also some nice cooking apples.”

“No,” said Eve, “I promised Adam I wouldn't buy any. Go away, now.”

“Better have some,” continued the reptile. “You know the old saying, ‘an apple a day keeps the doctor away.’”

“I don't know any doctors,” admitted Eve wistfully.

And then a funny thing happened. Old Mr. Snake was terribly irked because he couldn't make a sale, and he began to twitch and wiggle like everything. Soon there wasn't a snake any more, but instead there stood a man, and whom do you suppose it was? Our old friend, Lon Chaney, who had been disguising himself!

Lon accidentally dropped his cigarette into the apple wagon, and it caught fire. You should have heard the apples sizzle. Eve and Lon beat the fire with gunny sacks, but it was too late. All the apples had seemingly melted until they looked

something like mashed potatoes. Just then Adam came home and saw what was left of the apples.

“What's this?” said Adam.

“Try it and see,” said Lon, hoping the results would be fatal.

Adam needed no second bidding, and he grabbed a spoon and started in, the gourmand that he was. When he had tasted it there appeared on his face a serene smile of self-satisfaction. We are told that his first words were “Yum, yum.”

And that, good people, is how applesauce was discovered.

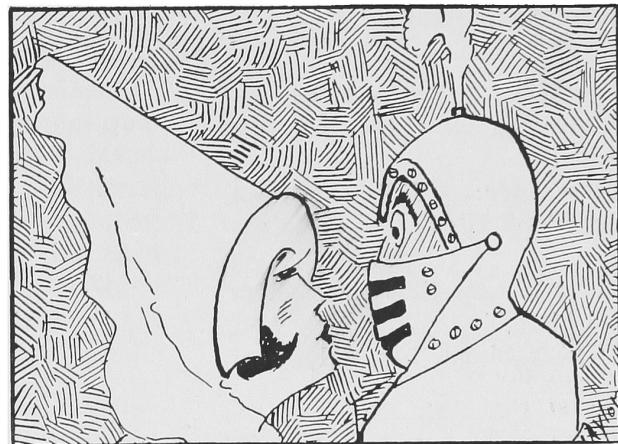
—J. D. W.

There was a young girl from Peoria
Who stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria,
Although quite a prude,
One day she got stewed,
And declared she was Queen Victoria.

“Mussolini must be of Scotch descent.”

“How come?”

“He made his men wear black shirts to save laundry bills.”



“What did Marco Polo ever do?

“Aw, he invented that game you play with ponies and crouquet mallets.”

Maggie Malone loved jazz tunes,
Sandy Athone loved stewed prunes;
And so betwixt
And 'tween them both
They lived to a ripe old age.

“Yes, I used to be in politics myself. I was dog-catcher in my town for two years, but finally lost my job.”

“What was the matter—change of mayors.”

“Nope. I finally caught the dog.”—Judge.



Portrait of a Cut lass

A CLIPPING FROM A PLYMOUTH, MASS., NEWSPAPER IN THE YEAR 1620 A. D.

The Blue Star liner S. S. "Mayflower," loaded to capacity, arrived in port yesterday after a stormy passage across the Atlantic. The voyage was made in something like three months, and Capt. Jones stated that the Trans-Atlantic record had been lowered by some fifteen days. Among those listed as passengers were Dick Dare, the movie idol, William McTavish, the corset magnate, and Dennis Feitelbaum, the mail-order king.

Mr. Dare kindly consented us to interview him, and had the following to say: "I am glad to get back to good old U. S. A. European movies are far inferior to American. Yes, I leave Plymouth for Hollywood, where I will start on my next picture, 'Purple Passion.'"

Mr. McTavish, when interviewed, said: "Certainly glad to get back to America. Corsets are becoming more and more popular in Europe, as in this country. I had a very successful trip, and gave more than a thousand personal demonstrations. After all, nothing enhances femininity so much as a corset."

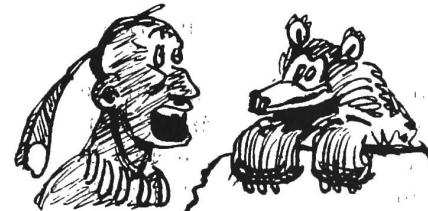
When interviewed, Mr. Feitelbaum stated: "It certainly is good to see the old skyline of Plymouth again. The business outlook is very good, and I think our present era of prosperity is going to continue. While in Holland I purchased six carloads of tomahawks for the Indian trade. Well, I must get a train for Chicago, where my wife and kiddies are waiting."

Capt. Jones says that the "Mayflower" will start back as soon as the next big wind comes along.

—J. D. W.

Maid: "Shall I take this rug out and beat it?"

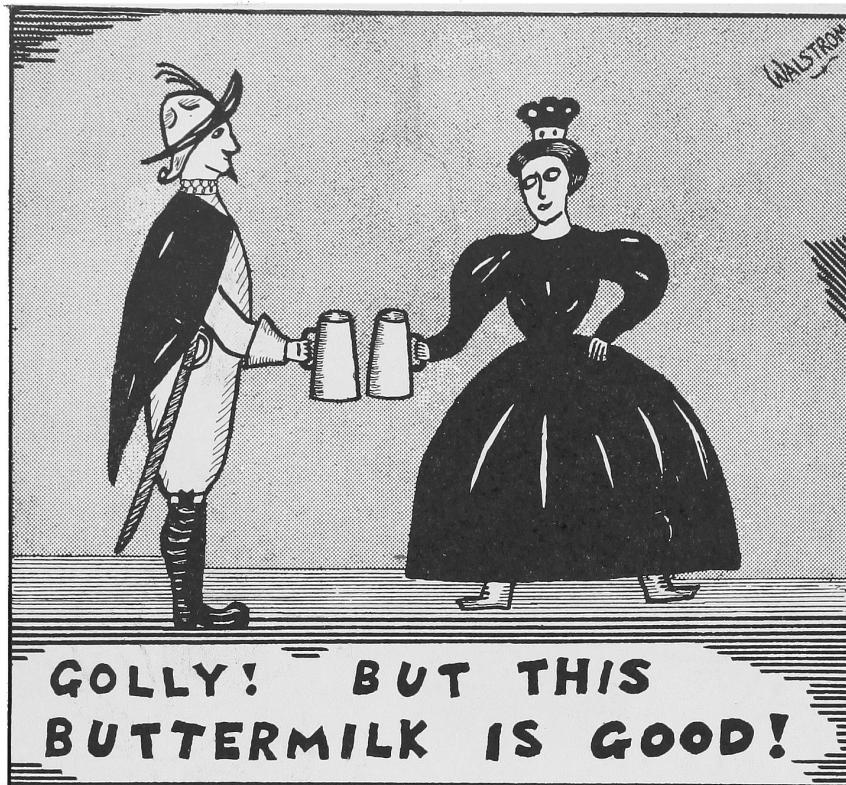
Man: "That's no rug, that's my roommate's towel."—Brown Jug.



See the Nice Kitty?



GOOST



History tells us that Sir Walter Raleigh was the first man to introduce tobacco in England. This fact is interesting enough in itself, but it remained for the recent excavations in Egypt to unearth some additional material which gives a new angle, a rather humorous angle, to the tobacco incident.

One Thursday afternoon Queen Elizabeth was having Sir Walter in for a glass of buttermilk. The conversation drifted from one thing to another, as conversations often do, and before they knew it they were talking about the servant problem.

"Gee, Walt," said the Queen, "I'm as tired as I can be. All my kitchen help quit and I've been frying fish all morning."

"Well," said Sir Walter, with a twinkle in his left eye, "I've been rather busy myself. I've been smoking camels."

The Queen didn't see the point to this pungent bit of wit for quite a while, and you can just bet your bottom dollar that Sir Walter kidded the life out of her. The old rascal!

Scientists are no longer trying to discover perpetual motion, they are now trying to discover perpetual emotion.

Barber: "Hair cut, sir?"

Customer: "Yes, but don't make it too short, I don't want to look effeminate."



From Hand to Mouth



Little Willie: "Why hasn't Peggy Joyce ever married Santa Claus, Pop?"

Pop: "Because there isn't any Santa Claus." — *The New Yorker*.

Little drops of cognac,
Little slugs of gin,
Make the college student
Curdle up within.

"Why did you stop singing in the choir?"

"Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed." — Princeton Tiger.

TO THE SORORITY GIRL

By SHERMAN JOHNSON

You have been gone away so long—
Since yesterday.
Why was our love so cold and wrong
On yesterday?
The Proms will come with dance and
song,
Spring will be here too soon, among
The campus trees. The hours are long
With you away.
You have been gone away so long—
Since yesterday.

You love me still? For love lasts
long—
Another day.
The Prom's next week; love is not
wrong.
False yesterday!
Oh, but I've pawned my watch and
chain,
And only two more bucks remain;
No Prom for me . . . and love's in vain,
Oh yesterday!
Yet, since my fortune turns again,
Our formal comes, and fine spring rain
Brings life so free, hope to my brain.
Love me in May!

If brevity is the soul of wit, it
looks as if skirts are civiliza-
tion's funny-bone.



H. BUCHALTER
WHAT THE YOUNG MAN WILL
WEAR IN 1890

• GHOST •

What the Newspapers of Today Would Say

SAPPHO, NOTED POETESS, DROWNS SELF IN OCEAN

Lesbos, June 9—(Special to the Ghost)—Sappho, noted poetess of this city, committed suicide early this morning, by jumping off Cape Deucato. Her body was found by longshoremen late this afternoon, near the docks. She was fully attired, in nothing but a tunic.

Friends of the deceased poetess said that she had been brooding over an unrequited love affair with Phaon, young college student of this city. Phaon, when approached, said, "Sappho and I were merely good friends. I am at a loss to understand it."

Sappho was the author of many poems, usually published in expurgated translations.

LEANDER, THRACIAN ACE, FIRST TO SWIM CHANNEL

Abydos, August 2—(Special to the Ghost)—Leander, young Thracian distance swimmer, completed the gruelling feat of swimming the Hellespont Channel late this evening. Six barges, a tug, two canoes, and three Northwest Mounted Policemen accompanied him to see that he did not lose his way. He was fed champagne, pate de foie gras, and olive oil, while on the way. Five pounds of vaseline was his only bathing suit. The swim was made in twelve hours, thirteen minutes, and four and three-fifths seconds.

The young athlete did not indicate what his plans for the future would be, but clasping his mother fondly, he said, "All that I am, I owe to my mother." He intimated that he was considering one of several vaudeville contracts.

—S. E. J.



BURNS D. PRICE

Mark Antony: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"
Julius Caesar: "That wasn't no lady, that was Cleopatra."

Motorist: "What beautiful roads you have in this country."

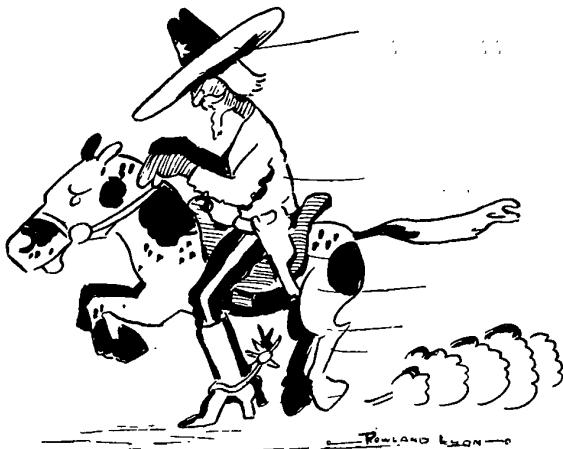
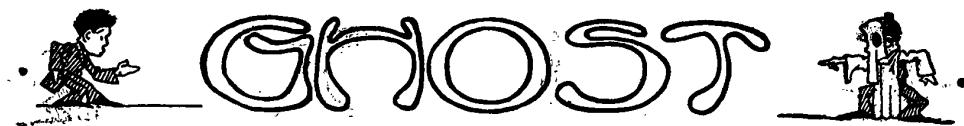
Farmer: "Yes, they make beauty clay out of them."

A traveling salesman called at a fraternity house and attempted to sell the pledge who answered the bell a tube of toothpaste. He had only begun his

sales-talk when the "goat" interrupted, "We don't use toothpaste, our teeth aren't loose."

The tenor took the alto out for a ride in his car and they say some close harmony resulted.

"This is the end," exclaimed the freshman, as he assumed the angle.



The Pony Express

It was lunch time in the office of the GHOST, back in the good old days of 1860. We were all sitting around nibbling carrots, when who should come in but our old friend, Buffalo Bill, whom we hadn't seen in a long time. Bill at this time was a Pony Express rider out west, and had come east to renew his subscription to the GHOST.

"Well, Bill," said we, seeking to stir up conversation, "how do you like your new job with the Pony Express?"

"Aw, boys, I had to quit. You see, I'm used to riding real horses. When they give me them darn ponies to ride my feet drug on the ground, and I was always wearing out my shoes."

We all agreed that he did perfectly right in quitting.

Librarian: "Miss Jones has had 'Galahad' out for a month, and now look at it."

Fellow Assistant: "Well, I've only known Miss Jones for a week and look at me!"

"Ma, there's a man crying outside."

"What's the matter with him, my child."

"He's got fish for sale."

"Is he skittish?"

"No, he's Polish."

Chief Bum Steer: "Were you ever shot by the white man's bullet?"

Chief Rotten Egg: "No, but I've been half-shot by his likker."

"What are you back from your hunting trip so soon?"

"Well, liquor is pretty hard to get these days."

He: "Sweetheart, you are the dearest little girl that ever breathed the pure air of this wonderful earth. Your little finger is worth more to me than all the other women in the world put together. You are as sweet and precious to me as a letter from my old mother. Will you marry me?"

She: "H-l, no!"—Life.

Is an editor a man who puts things in the magazine?"

"No, you fool, an editor is a man who keeps things out of the magazine."—Wisconsin Octopus.

"I asked Jack to let me dance with his girl, but he turned me down."

"Yeah, I don't like him, either."

"What became of all the pictures you had hanging in your room?"

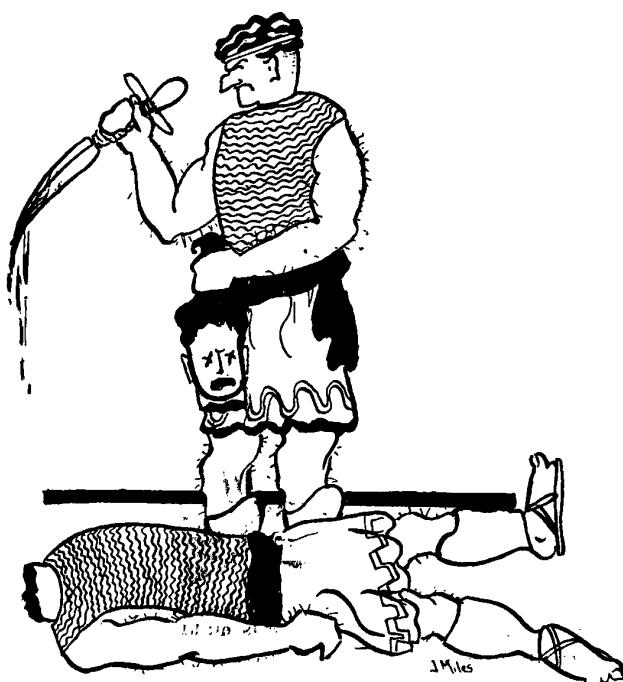
"I took 'em all down. I've reformed."

Girl-in-the-Office: "Did you have a date last night, Maybelle?"

'Nother One: "Naw, that dumb egg never even kissed me."—Wisconsin Octopus.

Teacher (in English class): "Johnny, take this sentence: 'Lead the cow from the pasture.' What mood?"

Johnny: "The cow, ma'am."—Princeton Tiger.



PARIS LOSES HIS HEAD OVER HELEN

GOOST

WHY KING FERDINAND OF SPAIN WAS PEEVED AT COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus claimed he could stand an egg on one of the ends.

Now, that ain't nothing to get peeved about, but gee whiz if a king don't know how to stand an egg who in the Kingdom should? So you can't blame Ferd much for being real mad when I tell you what happens after that.

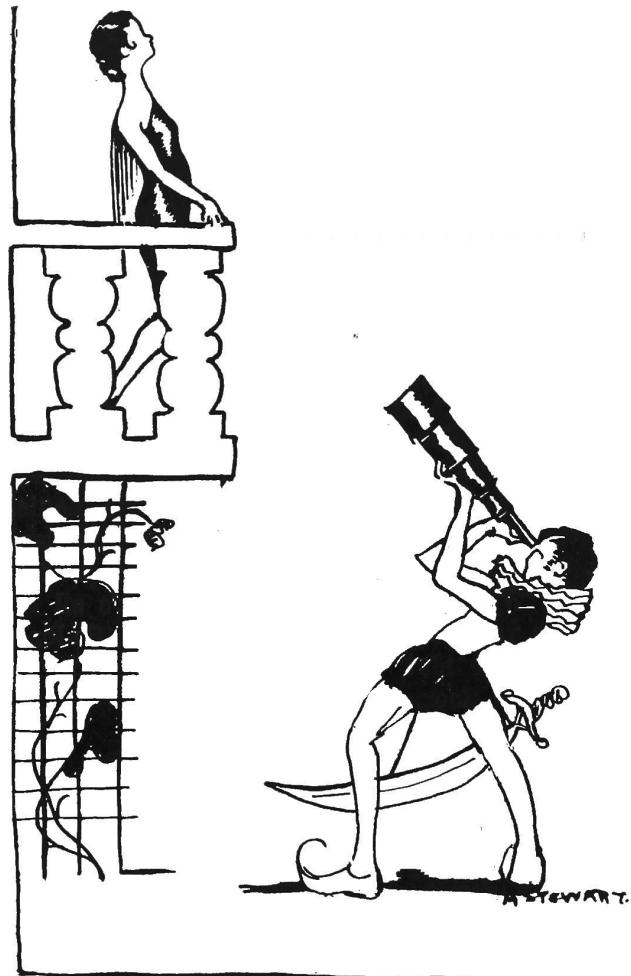
Well in those days it was the custom for kings to know how to do anything and believe me they did them too take Nero for instance. Well Ferd wanted to learn Christopher's trick so he invited Chris to a snappy business luncheon.

Chris was guest of honor. That's just a kind of title it really don't mean he had any. Well anyway after a couple of courses Ferd saw Chris was a bit lit so he said Let's have some fun and show tricks and all the big wine-and-dine men (they called them nobles in those days) said hurrah Let's.

And then Chris had to show his egg trick.

But when they looked for eggs, they couldn't get any 'cause they were all used up by crossword fans who had took up the egg fad and broke them all. But Ferd remembered one in his hip pocket that he had been playing with and said Here, here's the last egg in the Kingdom and told Chris Be careful 'cause it's the only one left. And Chris said Yesh and takes the egg and then he was so nervous he dropped it kerflop and one end broke and it stood up.

Of course Chris didn't give a hoot cause he broke the egg but Ferd didn't like it much cause he couldn't get Chris to learn him the trick now with the last Egg broke. So Ferd began to give Chris hail Columbia which he deserved. But all of a sudden Chris got a idea and says Don't be



Columbus Discovers the Beauty of America

so dumb Ferd that's the trick and thought he was pretty clever to pass it off so quick.

Can you blame Ferd for being mad, being showed up so dumb he could see a trick when it was pulled in front of his nose so he said Go take a good ship for yourself and don't stop. And Chris beat it so fast he never stopped going till he ran out of gas about three miles from Washington, D. C.

—W. M. S.



Bonebrake: "Friend Stanplate is making a pile of money from his new invention."

Barebone: "How so?"

Bonebrake: "He grafted a pink ribbon on a rubber plant, and the darn thing grows ladies' garters."



Ye Puritan Father Giving Ye Bride Away

GHOST

Phar-oaks: "Well, the Museum gave me 66 shekels for mother."

Phair-child: "Yes, a boy's best friend is his mummy."—Wisconsin Octopus.

"We simply must get a new bootlegger."

"We simply must, we can't have a man come in here with red ties on."—N. Y. U. Medley.

Here's a rich one about the Spanish Inquisition. The scene is a cheerful torture chamber about forty feet underground. The characters are the chief inquisitors and a gent named Alfred, who is about to become a martyr. Says the inquisitor: "Well, Alf, we're gonna roast you next, but we'll leave the choice of having it done to you!" "Well, fella," says Alfred, "if it's all the same to you, you can burn me in effigy! So long! Pleasant dreams!" And he took the elevator up to the first floor.—Judge.



JOHN SCUDKINGS
Manager '04 Football Team

"My engagement to Harry is only a sort of mutual understanding."

"That means you can break it off if you want to?"

"Oh, sure!"

"But supposing he breaks it off—"

"Then I'll sue him for breach of promise."—Life.

Sign in soft drink stand: "We don't know where Ma is, but we have Pop on ice."—Missouri Outlaw.

Desperado: "Hands up — if you move, you're dead."

Professor: "But sir, your English is abominable. If I were to move, it would be a sure sign that I was alive."—Stevens Stone Mill.

Old Lady to Tramp: "Poor man, I suppose you never had a chance to go to school."

Tramp: "Madam, you insult me. I am a Rhodes scholar."—Brown Jug.

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by 300
years"



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